

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXI. No. 2226

*and* **BYSTANDER**

London  
February 23, 1944



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Yermond

## An Anglo-American Engagement: Lady Bridget Elliot

The engagement of Lady Bridget Elliot, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Minto, of Minto House, Hawick, Scotland, was recently announced. Her fiancé is Major James Averell Clark, junior, D.F.C., U.S.A.A.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Clark, of Westbury, Long Island, New York. Lady Bridget, who is twenty-three, has two brothers and one sister. Her mother, Lady Minto, is a Canadian, from Montreal, and a sister of the Countess of Haddington. Her grandfather, the late Earl of Minto, was Governor-General of Canada, and Viceroy of India.





Three naval officers at the investiture were Cdr. John Dalison, R.N., awarded the D.S.O., Capt. Geoffrey Bernard and Capt. Gilbert Roberts, who both received the O.B.E.



Group Captain Frank Whittle went to the Palace with his wife to receive the O.B.E. He was decorated for his invention, the new jet-propelled aircraft, on which he has worked for many years



Mrs. Euphemia Welby, Superintendent WRNS, Plymouth Command, and her son, Lieut. Richard Welby, R.N., were both decorated. She received the C.B.E., and Lieut. Welby the D.S.C.

### Some of Those Who Received Awards, at a Recent Investiture at the Palace



## WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

### Timely

MR. CHURCHILL'S decision to address the House of Commons and to join in a two-day debate on the war was wise and timely. Neither his speech nor the debate added much to our knowledge. Nor could this happen in these momentous times when the Germans are all eyes and ears. We can be certain that from the skies every day every movement in this country is carefully watched, and that every utterance of our leaders is studied. But the debate enabled criticisms to be made and answered, which is the one way of ensuring the maintenance of confidence. Before the debate Mr. Churchill had peremptorily put at rest some of the ignorant criticism about the conduct of operations in the Anzio bridgehead. This was unusual, but no doubt Mr. Churchill felt it necessary to tell the world—not only this country—that there was no need for pessimism. General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, the Supreme Commander, was confident of success.

### Watching

ON the Germans is placed the strain of watching and waiting. As the blows fall thicker and faster on their forces in Italy, they are constantly asserting the strength of their defences in the west. There is nothing extraordinary about this. It is a wise precaution to insist frequently that every preparation has been made. But I thought that Field Marshal von Rundstedt's latest pronouncement in this respect was more restrained than many of its kind. He told a representative of the German Overseas News Agency that he looked forward calmly to coming events. There would be no evasive action, and no withdrawal in his theatre of operations. But clearly Field Marshal von Rundstedt sees the dangers ahead, or otherwise he would not have gone out of his way to say that the Germans are not Maginot-minded. We shall see. Reports suggest that the field marshal has lately received some reinforcements in the form of better troops in place of his former soldiers who were either

young and raw, or middle-aged and mentally unsafe for Hitler's do-or-die demands.

### Retreat

THE Germans are known to have prepared plans for their retreat from Norway should the Finns succeed in coming to terms with the Russians. It is called the X plan. Quisling must have heard about it when he was summoned to see Hitler recently. If the Germans have to withdraw from Norway they are not likely to miss any opportunity of making life more difficult for the stout-hearted Norwegians, and for the Allies should they decide to land in Norway. Quisling will be given responsibility for governing Norway for the Nazis with the help of a large Gestapo staff. Wholesale arrests of Norwegians who are suspect will be the preliminary signal. But the very fact of the German withdrawal will, if and when it appears, have repercussions in all parts of Europe, and especially in Germany.

### Influential

FIELD MARSHAL MANNERHEIM is the grand old man of Finland, whose influence in these tragic years has never waned. It seems that his was the compelling voice which brought about the latest overtures to Russia for peace terms. The field marshal is a fierce patriot who has never hidden his desire to maintain a free and independent Finland. Like most Finns he distrusts the Russians probably as much as he and they dislike the Germans. But among a courageous people as are the Finns it is a bold man who urges them to stop fighting.

The situation of Finland must be grave for Field Marshal Mannerheim to have advised President Ryti to seek peace. Apparently the Germans have been most careful to keep the Finns fully supplied with food and war material. Under the pressure of Russian attacks, however, these supplies would certainly be threatened. A military man would be the first to realize this, and to recognize that continued resistance against heavy odds would only mean senseless suffering. The arrival of M. Paasikivi

in Stockholm was a most significant move. He is a former Prime Minister of Finland, and in 1940 was Chairman of the Russo-Finnish peace commission. There is yet no indication of the terms Soviet Russia will offer or finally impose. They may be harsh, in which case reaction in the United States will have to be taken into account.

### Sentiment

THERE is a strong sentiment and regard for Finland in the United States. It grew out of the scrupulous regularity with which the Finnish Government repaid loans made to them by America. In addition, America has a chargé d'affaires in Helsinki, for the United States never declared war on Finland at Russia's behest as did Great Britain. America's interest in the Polish problem is more political than sentimental. The Poles carry a substantial number of votes in the United States. It will be interesting to see if Soviet Russia is prepared to pay any heed to sentimental and political reaction in the United States. In other words, we are about to see an enlightening exposure of Russian policy. Mr. Cordell Hull's offer to mediate in the Polish situation was rejected in Moscow for a variety of reasons, but this has not prevented him asserting that the United States Government will readily do all they can to help a satisfactory Russo-Finnish peace.

### Departing

THE Duke of Alba, one of the most picturesque diplomatic figures at the Court of St. James, is expected to terminate his mission to this country in the near future. I have no doubt that he will regret this as much as many of his friends in London will deplore his departure. But apparently the duke feels that there is work and responsibility facing him at home. Spain is in the throes of another transition, and nobody can say what may happen. General Franco has so far managed to pilot himself through many difficult situations, and he may yet succeed in securing power to himself. Those who know the situation intimately, however, believe that his days of dictatorship are ended. If they should end soon, there is not the slightest doubt that Don Juan will leave his exile in Switzerland to mount the Spanish throne. It may be for such a situation as this that the Duke of Alba feels that his proper place is in Madrid and not in London.

### Mystery

WHATEVER may be the real reason for General McNaughton's resignation from



the command of the Canadian Forces Overseas many people in this country who knew him well are sorry that his arrival in Canada has been surrounded in so much mystery. In the early days of the war General McNaughton performed yeoman service in his leadership and organization of the Canadian units which were hurried to this country. There was a time when not a few influential people were urging that he should be given an important post in Whitehall. There can be no doubt of his ability, character and courage. It is to be hoped that soon the mystery will be dissipated and that General McNaughton will be active once more in pushing on the Empire's war effort.

#### Relief

I CAN quite understand the old lady who makes Bakewell tarts wishing a quick end to the West Derbyshire by-election. What with challenges to agricultural prowess and much less dignified criticisms of rival claims, it has not been an edifying contest. Or has it? Admittedly, if Lord Hartington had not been the son of the Duke of Devonshire, there would not have been such a hullabaloo. Nor would so many American correspondents and photographers have found it profitable to visit Derbyshire to record their impressions of the by-election.

But apart from these considerations the West Derbyshire by-election demonstrated a healthy, active and determined political spirit. Many other by-elections have been dull, and in many cases they have been allowed to go by default. In Derbyshire there was a challenge and a fight, and whatever people may think of the result it means that, as in Brighton, people are beginning to take politics seriously once more. This is a very good sign. Bigger and more vital issues will face this country in the years ahead, and if the electors are as alert as they were in West Derbyshire it follows that our would-be leaders will have to be equally on their toes. This is the responsibility which democracy imposes on people and leaders. It may be upsetting to some people who view any disturbance as unnecessary and uncomfortable. But convictions which are fiercely fought for are the more firmly held, and in this way strong leadership is assured.



"Soup, Sir?" A Meal on the Train for General Montgomery

Since taking up his new duties as C.-in-C. of the British Group of Armies under General Eisenhower, General Sir Bernard Montgomery has travelled thousands of miles visiting units under his command in various parts of the country. To enable him to perform his task a special train was provided for the general and his personnel, carrying his cars in special vans. Meals on the train were served by Sergeant Anne Gouk, seen here, who was previously a dressmaker and comes from Aberdeen



Russian Admiral Meets British Admiral

Rear-Admiral Frolov, the Russian Combined Operations expert, visited Rear-Admiral Troubridge on board his command ship off Anzio during the landing operations. An ancestor of Admiral Troubridge, a naval captain under Nelson, who landed and relieved Rome early in the nineteenth century, was granted by the Pope the right for himself and his descendants to bear the papal keys on their crest



Second Front Air Chief and His Wife

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham recently assumed his new command in Britain. He is Air Officer Commanding No. 2 Tactical Air Force of the R.A.F. based in Britain. He is an Australian, and was born in Brisbane. His wife, whom he married in 1932, was the widow of Sir H. B. Frank, Bt.



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Goodbye Mr. Chopper!

By James Agate

CHARLES BROOKFIELD, actor, author and censor of plays, was walking late one evening in Whitechapel. Suddenly a woman emerged from the shadows and said "If you don't give me a quid I shall shout out that you're Jack the Ripper." He said "You poor fool, I am!" Whereupon the wretched drab fled shrieking. Many suggestions have been offered as to the identity of this lunatic. Some have thought that it might be a woman—and possibly a midwife. Such a person would have a working knowledge of surgery and be able to move about the streets at untimely hours without suspicion, while she would only have to reverse cape and skirt to hide traces of the crime. Others have thought it was a sex-maniac. Others again that it was some fanatical clergyman determined to rid the streets of loose women. My own view is that it was Matthew Arnold! I base this on Montague's theory of genius and misbehaviour. Perhaps, says he, men of genius "find in the

rooms! Acres and acres of Victorian baroque with wonderful furniture of the kind I suspect my friend Sir Osbert Sitwell collects at Renishaw to help to create the atmosphere for his romances about Newborough.

Now the tea-merchant has used his interest in Jack's crimes to set off the depression caused by his unfortunate business speculation. As his wife (Sara Allgood) puts it "They're a godsend to him, as you might say." Yet neither of these two worthy souls feels any suspicion about a lodger who shows a marked disinclination to use the front door or go out except in the dead of night. Or when he comes in with a blood-stained ulster, which he proceeds to burn in the kitchen stove. But I shall not continue to probe into the improbabilities of this story. There is a great deal about the landlady's niece (Merle Oberon) who is forced by her director to give a display of Parisian naughtiness at which Marie Lloyd would have

its howling, kicking, exuberant boys! And Mr. Chips himself—never has Robert Donat, with all his versatility, done anything better or more life-like; the shyness, reserve, the woeful timidity of a lonely man, then the gradual uplift, humanisation as it were, under the influence of his first love, the awakening of ambition, humour, fun even—and then the blow of his wife's death, the sudden collapse and decay, face grown old, eyes become dull and listless; and finally the vivid, happy and enviable contentment of his extreme old age—all these diverse phases Donat portrays with a sincerity and artistry beyond praise. Do you agree? Is not Greer Garson as the wife enchanting, the personification of English good-breeding, English charm and English hospitality? Is not Lyn Harding as the Victorian headmaster deliciously like not Dr. Arnold but Dr. W. G. Grace? And those delightful boys. What was the name of that engaging sprite who played the three successive Colleys? Or that terrible lady-cyclist with the monocle and the four-inch collar? But I must not ramble on, your time is too valuable. Perhaps being nearly seventy-six makes me so garrulous. But may one not quibble at some of the inaccuracies? Surely a film about a school should preserve accuracy at all costs? I am

thinking of that trip abroad, of the oddness of what are obviously the salons of the Emperor of Austria being used by unknown tourists as a dance-hall. Or of the geographical eccentricity which makes the voyagers returning from the Tyrol sail up the Danube. No, no, none of this. The film was a boon and a blessing, and when one thinks of the inoffensive rubbish we have had to see, year in and year out, boy meets girl, girl meets boy, boy doesn't meet girl and girl meets another boy, yards of this trash, miles of it, leagues of it, all the same, the same ending, the same people, and . . . *o miseri-cordia!* the same accent!—then, surely, dear master, we should all be grateful for anything half as good as James Hilton's delightful tale and the gifted artists who perform the film version of it."



Deanna Durbin's Latest Film: "His Butler's Sister" is at the Leicester Square Theatre

Once more a Cinderella story gives Deanna the opportunity to sing herself to fame, fortune and happiness. As a maid in the household of the noted composer, Gerard (Franchot Tone), Deanna impresses her master first with her charm and later with her voice. Misunderstanding keeps them apart till the last act, but all's well that ends well. Above left: Deanna Durbin and Franchot Tone. Right: Deanna Durbin with her two butler admirers, Alan Mowbray and Akim Tamiroff

mental excitement of practising the technicalities of their art a stimulant strong enough to give them a lift, for the time, into that state of passionate insight to which they are then able to haul up even our more sluggish selves; then they may flop down, exhausted, and even do something scrubby from mere excess of reaction, just as a soul-stirring preacher might do if sorely tried when very much tired indeed with the delivery of an excellent sermon." There is no doubt that Arnold's sermons were excellent.

Whoever the murderer was—and I may say that my Arnold theory has found little support—one must believe that he had a genius for dissimulation. Whereas Laird Cregar in *The Lodger* (New Gallery) gives himself away with every roll of his velvet eyes. And was the good British public, or better, were the good British bourgeois quite so stupid as they are made to appear in this film? The owner of the lodging house (Cedric Hardwicke) is a respectable merchant in tea or something, and is forced to let rooms because he has mistakenly bought a cargo of Pe-Hi instead of Fu-Po. And what

wept. Merle is too good an actress to be thrown away on this part. It need only be said that a crowded house watched the film with complete absorption, which did not prevent them from acclaiming the more foolish parts of it, including the dénouement, with shrieks of delighted laughter. How jealous would my old friend Tod Slaughter have been had he heard them! The point is that the film badly misses fire. It wanted an actor like Werner Kraus, and a director like whatever genius gave us *Waxworks*.

APROPOS of the impending release of the revival of *Goodbye Mr. Chips!* (March 6) a correspondent in the country writes: "I live four miles from the nearest town, but this revival will be a great event for me. I consider it one of the best films I have ever seen. It is full of unstrained pathos and unforced humour. It has observation, clarity, direction. In a word, it is *real*. I remember all of it as if I had only seen it yesterday. That admirable picture of a great English school, with its pompous headmasters, its gregarious under-masters and

WELL, I have no doubt that something like this will be the general reaction to this revival. I can only say that when the book came out it seemed to me so loathsomely the quintessence of mawkishness that I refused to notice it. But then schoolmasters are a mawkish lot. Is anything more mawkish than Dickens's preposterous, half-starved Mr. Mell, blowing his brains out on that melancholy flute? What about the Doctor in *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and that dreadful last scene in the chapel?

But let me be fair. In my time I have dropped a tear for Mr. Mell. Whenever I read that scene in *Tom Brown* I weep. As a critic I hold *Goodbye Mr. Chips!* to be a film of the most revolting sentimentality, and on paper I loathe and despise it. But in the cinema things are different. It is dark. One holds one's handkerchief before one's streaming eyes. Or so I held mine the other afternoon. And when that napkin had reached saturation point I had—Heaven forgive the impious thought!—some vague notion of asking the lady next to me for the loan of her bandana.



# "Candlelight In Algeria"

A Film Based On General Mark  
Clark's North African Adventure



Thurston (James Mason), an escaped British tank officer, is befriended in Biskra by an American girl, Susan (Carla Lehmann). He convinces her of his urgent need for help in order to carry out a vital mission entrusted to him by a dying American agent



Susan and Thurston hide out in the native quarter. Here, in spite of her jealousy of Susan, they are looked after by a little street girl, Yvette (Pamela Stirling)

**Candlelight in Algeria** is a George King production based on the now famous exploits of Lieut. Jewell, R.N., commander of the "secret mission" submarine, H.M.S. Seraph, and the visit of Eisenhower's deputy, General Mark Clark, to North Africa to lay the final plans for the Allied invasion which cleared Africa of the Axis. A strong cast headed by Carla Lehmann and James Mason includes Raymond Lovell, Enid Stamp-Taylor, Walter Rilla, Pamela Stirling, Lea Seidl



Above: Susan joins forces with Thurston in a dangerous espionage mission. In spite of her American neutrality she is interrogated by the Nazi Dr. Muller (Walter Rilla)



Right: Friend of the Nazis is the continental actress, Maritza (Enid Stamp-Taylor). She and her lover (Raymond Lovell) are outwitted by Thurston and Susan



Finally they are tracked down by Dr. Muller. The Nazi is knocked out and in his car Thurston and Susan escape in time to warn the Allied submarine, which carries General Mark Clark to his all-important rendezvous, of the German approach



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## A Soldier For Christmas (Wyndham's)

WITH and occasions for laughter in the theatre are welcome at any time, and especially in times like these. With this light but callous comedy Mr. Reginald Beckwith joins the laughter-makers, and takes over the stage at Wyndham's which seemed to have become the freehold of *Quiet Weekend*. He also depicts for us a weekend party that is anything but quiet, and promises to have a similarly successful tenancy. He is that rare thing, a dramatist who seems to have so little love for the characters he creates that it is easy for us not to love them either. He has the knack of realistic caricature, and of writing amusing lines, and he exploits these gifts so generously that it may seem churlish to wish that the lines had been more consistently cast in pleasant places.

Of the three ways in which love may be dramatized—the tragic, the comic, and the topical—the comic is perhaps the most popular. Mr. Beckwith has chosen the topical, which is a kind of bitter-sweet blend of the other two. His play is one of those family conversation pieces in which sub-acid repartee is the prevailing style of speech, and manners are only phrase-deep. The social status of the family is somewhat nondescript, neither county nor suburban. The family seat "near London" is similarly synthetic. Its beauties have to be judged from hearsay, for all we see of it is that anomalous apartment, "the lounge hall," which looks like an annex designed less for lounging than to serve the characters who live, move, and have their histrionic being surrounded by exits and entrances.

MRS. FERGUSON, the mistress of the house, is one of those delightful matrons who, betraying little or no sense of humour themselves, invite (and get) laughter from us with every remark they make. Hers is a Joyce Barbour part, and Miss Barbour plays it most amusingly. This skilful comedienne times her conversa-

tional thrusts and ripostes with the unruffled precision of an expert fencer; and if her gestures seem sometimes a little mannered, that may be due to the nature of the lines themselves rather than to her delivery of them.

When, with the laudable idea of cheering things up and shaking the family out of its ruts, Mrs. Ferguson invited a soldier for Christmas, she took a sporting chance and got more than she bargained for or the family deserved. She got neither a commissioned nor a non-commissioned officer, but a Canadian private, and before the family realized what was happening, they were out of their ruts with a vengeance.

The family consists of Phoebe, Mrs. Ferguson's nubile daughter, whom Ronald, a boarder, loves but fails to awaken; Brenda, a disconsolate grass-widow, deserted by a husband she can neither forgive nor forget; Mr. Ferguson who, though not actually henpecked, might well have been, and two wild wartime domestics. While the family awaits the unknown soldier's arrival, it is revealed that a local recruit to one of the women's services has been billeted on them, and is also due to arrive at any moment.

Not unnaturally, these two guests arrive together. But whereas the soldier is all and more than they could have desired, the billetee is none other than their recently discharged maid, who has already marked him for her own. The soldier at once fills the house with Canadian ozone. At his homely suggestion, Christian names all round are adopted, and the social ice is not so much broken as sent up in steam. This pretty kettle of fish is thus put on to boil by a first act that promises well, and Cupid—or rather his wartime deputy, Puck—sets to work to show what fools these mortals be.

THE two succeeding acts hardly redeem this promise. While Phoebe is only too quickly taught by the soldier the theory but not the

practice of true love, the maid shows how a vamp who means business stoops to conquer. The doleful grass-widow continues to dree her weird, and the domestics have the time of their wartime lives. Wild alarms and improbable excursions fill the last act, but all's well that ends well, if somewhat abruptly, with marriage bells for Phoebe and Ronald who deserve one another.

The acting is good to excellent. As hostess and soldier-guest, Miss Barbour and Mr. Robert Beatty shine with steady brilliance.



Sketches by  
Tom Titt

Lady Daubeny (Susan Richmond) relies of an outworn aristocracy, finds she has much in common with the "advance" thinkers. In the centre is Mrs. Jarvis, the histrionic charlady (Frances Waring), on the right, Mrs. Jones the Fergusons' cook (Winifred Hindle)

Miss Susan Richmond etches one of her inimitable (save by life) grotesques. Miss Pauline Letts and Miss Joan Harben admirably endure the travail of the two pilgrims of love, and Miss Meriel Forbes does not mince the maid's more resolute matters. The two incredible domestics—the cook with cosmic rather than culinary ideas, and the daily help who prefigures the wrath to come—are suavely and fearsomely projected by Miss Winifred Hindle and Miss Frances Waring respectively.



The Fergusons' Christmas party includes Mr. Ferguson (J. Leslie Frith), Brenda Nicholls (Joan Harben), Pte. William Mackenzie (Robert Beatty), Milly Smith (Meriel Forbes), Mrs. Ferguson (Joyce Barbour), Phoebe Ferguson (Pauline Letts) and Ronald Vines (Trevor Howard)

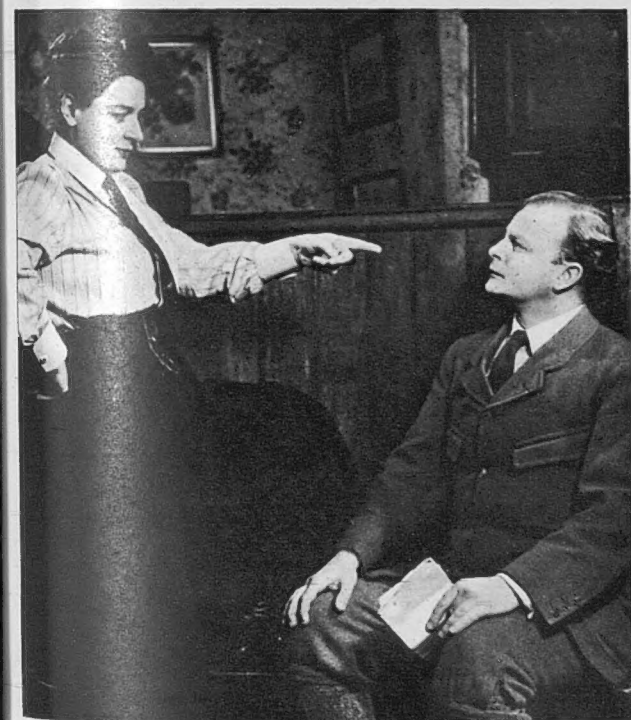


# A New Comedy by Emlyn Williams

"The Druid's Rest" Centres Around a Small Public House in the Heart of Wales



Kate: "From now till four weeks to-day you're not to open any story-books at all" Kate Edwards (Gladys Henson), alarmed at the fertile imagination of her son Tommos (Brynmor Thomas) which is getting the family into serious trouble, locks away the boy's books



Smith: "And what shall I have to tell Him I've got on my mind?"

Sarah Jane: "Four naked women"

Encouraged by Tommos, everyone believes their visitor to be the murderer Smith. Sarah Jane Jehovah (Nuna Davey) tries to save his soul

Photographs by John Vickers.

Right: An old Coronation mug identifies Smith, the stranger, as Lord Ffynnon. Beside Kate on the settle is the Tramp (Neil Porter); on the right Zachariah Policeman (Lyn Evans), and behind, the Edwards' elder son, Glan (Richard Burton)



The Man: "My name is Smith. Have you a room?" Tommos is greeted by a stranger (Michael Shepley), who interrupts the boy's reading of the newspaper report of "The Brides in the Bath" case



Job: "Now, now, I don't like to see you upset, Kate fach"

Job Edwards (Roddy Hughes), landlord of The Druid's Rest, has one passion—his choir. It leads him into trouble with his wife





# On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

## Important Birthday

**H**IS MAJESTY'S decision that his elder daughter shall continue to be known simply as Princess Elizabeth has given satisfaction everywhere. I understand that the King's mind was not made up lightly, and proper consideration was given to the claims of the Welsh enthusiasts who, wishing to reaffirm the close connection between the next-in-succession and their ancient Principality, sought the creation of H.R.H. as Princess Elizabeth of Wales. There were other suggestions, too, including many that the Princess should be given a Royal Dukedom, but one of the difficulties of this idea was the question of her taking a seat in the House of Lords as a peeress in her own right, a matter on which there has been some controversy in the past.

In spite of public gossip, by the way, the Princess does not legally come of age on her eighteenth birthday in April. True, she will, from that day onwards, be competent to exercise full sovereignty, without any council of regents, if she is suddenly called to the Throne, and she will act as a Counsellor of State for the King if her father goes out of the country. But as far as the disposal of her property, and other like matters are concerned, the highest legal authorities have expressed the view that, like any other subject of the Crown, she remains a minor until her twenty-first birthday.

## Family Tradition

**O**NE of H.R.H.'s latest appearances in public was with Princess Margaret at the wedding of their friend Lady Anne Spencer to the son of Vice-Admiral Sir Frederic Wake-Walker at Westminster Abbey. Guests at the small reception after the wedding, in the lovely rooms of Admiralty House, drank the health of the bride and groom from a wine-cistern that

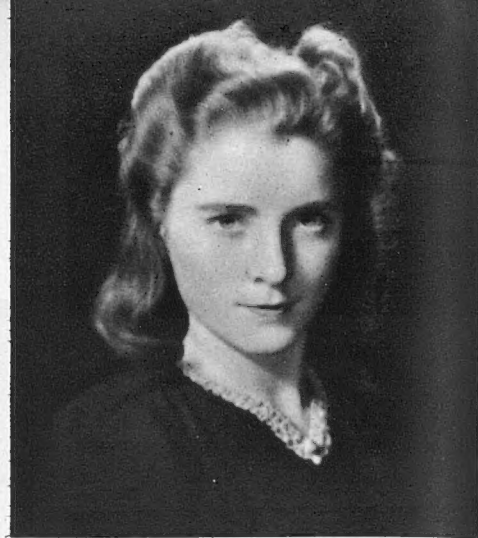
is historic. Shaped like a small bath, it is said to be the largest wine-cistern in existence. It is of English silver, and was one of the many gifts of Queen Anne to her great soldier, the first Duke of Marlborough, from whom it descended to Lady Anne's father, the Earl Spencer. It is a family tradition that the cistern shall be used at every wedding of a Spencer or a Churchill.

## Yorkshire Tour

**T**HEIR MAJESTIES' visit to the coalfields of Yorkshire was a triumphant success, and everywhere on their route the King and Queen had deep-hearted welcomes from the miners and their families. Though they did not descend any of the shafts, the King and Queen explored in detail the workings at the pithead, and became thoroughly coated with coal-dust and grime as a result, an incident which must have reminded the King of his younger days when, as Duke of York, he descended a mine in South Wales and hewed a lump of coal. In Yorkshire the King had many discussions with both owners and men about the future of the industry, and the Queen, with her usual thoughtfulness, asked everywhere she went about the "Bevin boys," and how they are being cared for in their off-duty periods.

## Coming-of-Age

**L**ADY VICTORIA SEYMOUR, sister of the Duke of Grafton, gave a very good coming-of-age party for her son, George, at the Savoy Hotel recently. Mr. Seymour served with the 60th at the beginning of the war, but was invalided out owing to ill-health. Lady Victoria's sister, Lady Violet Maitland Wilson, came to the party with her husband, Major-Gen. N. Maitland Wilson, who is a brother of General



## An Engagement

Harlip

Miss Juliana Beatrice Martin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Martin, of 17, Upton Park, Slough, is to marry Lt. Justin Stuart Mallinson, Grenadier Guards, son of Col. and Mrs. Stuart S. Mallinson



## Country Christening

Anne Catherine Leathers, daughter of the Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Leathers, was christened recently at Esher Parish Church. The baby is a grandchild of Lord Leathers, Minister of War Transport



## Tatton Christopher Mark Sykes is Christened

Swaeb

Sir Richard and Lady Sykes's son, born in December, was christened recently at St. James's, Spanish Place, where his parents were married in 1942. Lady Sykes is the only daughter of Mr. John Gilliat

The Sykes baby had Mrs. James Corrigan as one of his godparents. The others were the Earl of Dudley, the Hon. Anthony Mildmay, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Viscountess Cowdray and the Countess of Antrim

Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean. Amongst other guests were Lady Anne Fitzroy, the Duke of Grafton's only daughter, looking very pretty; Mrs. Dermot Musker, a granddaughter of our late Speaker of the House of Commons; and Viscountess Daventry. Capt. and Mrs. Leo Seymour and Colonel and Mrs. Charles Butler were others there. London does not often see Lady Victoria these days, as she now spends most of her time working on behalf of the Women's Land Army in Norfolk.

## "Aid to Russia" Ball

**T**HE ballroom at Grosvenor House, which was gaily decorated with the flags of the Allied nations, was packed for the "Aid to Russia" Ball, in support of Mrs. Churchill's "Red Cross Aid to Russia" Fund. Miss Mary Churchill, wearing her A.T.S. uniform, made a very good speech just before the auction, thanking all those who had taken so much trouble to make the Ball a success. Her party included her sister, Mrs. Vic Oliver, very smart in W.A.A.F. uniform, and their cousin, Miss Judith Montague, who joined the A.T.S. with Miss Churchill. Miss Montague was the only member of this party not in uniform, and was wearing a very attractive striped blouse with a long black skirt. Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, niece and heir-presumptive of the Duke of Sutherland, joined the party late in the evening, in her Red Cross





### Five Young People Dining Out in a London Restaurant

Swaebe

On either side of Mr. John Shearer at the Bagatelle were Miss Pauline Follett and Miss Elizabeth Clarke. Both girls are members of the W.R.N.S. Miss Clarke is the Marchioness of Headfort's daughter

The Hon. Patricia Stourton, Lord Mowbray's only daughter, was being entertained at the Bagatelle by Lord Charles FitzRoy, son of the Duke of Grafton. Like his elder brother, Lord Euston, he is in the Grenadiers

and St. John uniform. Lady Ravensdale, a striking figure in a scarlet frock, had the Lunts at her table. Alfred Lunt and his wife, Lynn Fontanne, went to the microphone together, and gave a short talk on Russia, which included some very interesting sidelights on the Russian theatre, which they described as wonderful. Miss Fontanne was wearing a short black frock, and had a fascinating little nonsense-hat, made of pink roses and black tulle, perched jauntily on her head, a most becoming fashion. Lady Bruntisfield, wearing a heavily beaded black dinner-dress, had a large party of friends with her. Mrs. Frank Moxon, a Russian by birth and now an officer in the A.T.S., who had organised the Ball, also had a big party. Miss Esme Haskell, a cousin of Mr. Arnold Haskell, the writer, looked very pretty in blue; she was in another big party, which included S/Ldr. Henry Dalrymple-White, D.F.C., the son and heir of Sir Godfrey Dalrymple-White.

### All in a Good Cause

THERE were numerous raffles during the evening at this Ball, for such varied prizes as a box at a West-End theatre, a bottle of whisky, a presentation case of Max Factor make-up, a hat to be chosen at a famous milliners, and, lastly, the rarest of all, two brand-new RUBBER hot-water bottles! I looked at these with envious eyes, but it was not my lucky number. There was a very successful auction, the honours of auctioneer being shared

during the evening by Miss Bebe Daniels, Miss Mary Churchill and Mr. John Snagge. Miss Churchill auctioned a box of Havana cigars, given by her mother, which fetched twenty-five guineas. A picture of a Ukrainian peasant girl, which had been specially painted for the Fund by Miss Anna Zinkeisen, and presented by Mrs. Churchill, was bought by Mr. Le Vitta for £230. This painting was reproduced in *The Tatler* a week or so ago, and, unfortunately, we referred to Miss Zinkeisen then as working at St. Thomas's Hospital. She is, of course, at St. Mary's, Paddington, where she has been doing pathological and clinical drawings for the surgeons for some years. A pair of Nylon stockings, which Miss Bebe Daniels had presented, was bought by an American officer for £12.

The big moment of the evening was when Mr. John Snagge put up for sale the standard carried on General Sir Bernard Montgomery's car with the Eighth Army, together with a letter from General Montgomery to Lord Iliffe saying he hoped it would bring in a good sum at the "Aid to Russia" Ball. The bidding started at 100 guineas, and after some brisk competition it was knocked down to a gentleman, who wished to remain anonymous, for 275 guineas. After the sale, Capt. Henderson, who was A.D.C. to General Montgomery with the Eighth Army, was introduced to the buyer. He said he had travelled with the General

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### Y.M.C.A. Canteen Driver

Mrs. C. R. Atlee, wife of the Deputy Prime Minister, besides driving a canteen for the Y.M.C.A., is Commandant of Stanmore Red Cross detachment, and does the local Penny-a-Week accounts



### A Passing Out Parade for M.T.C. Recruits

"Veteran" members of the Women's Mechanised Transport Corps were decorated at the Parade. Mrs. Harold Peak, Commandant of the M.T.C., presented a long-service badge to Miss Webber

Mrs. Montagu Norman was talking to Mrs. Palmer, a member of the M.T.C., and Lt.-Col. Richard Elves at the Passing Out Parade, which took place at the M.T.C. London headquarters

During the inspection Admiral Sir Edward Evans stopped to talk to a tall recruit, Mrs. Gibson-Watt, whose husband is in the Welsh Guards





1. Mrs. Ferguson: "We've invited a soldier for Christmas"  
Mrs. Ferguson (Joyce Barbour) tells Mrs. Jones (Winifred Hindle), the lady cook acquired through the columns of the "Statesman," and Ronald Vines (Trevor Howard), her lodger, of her plans

2. Soldier: "Say, you're a pretty girl"  
The soldier, Private William Mackenzie (Robert Beatty), arrives at the Ferguson home. He flatters their daughter, Phoebe (Pauline Letts), who promptly falls in love



6. Milly: "Perhaps you'd like my seat?"  
Phoebe: "That's all right. There's room for me here"  
Ex-maid Milly and Phoebe Ferguson find they are rivals for the soldier's affections. Milly is determined to fight for her man and sees no point in disguising her real feelings. Phoebe wins the first round, but it is to Milly that the final honours go



3. Soldier: "This is the girl I met in the bus"

The Fergusons' other guest is a N.A.A.F.I. billetee. She turns out to be their old maid, Milly (Meriel Forbes), who has already made friends with the soldier on the local bus

## "A Soldier For Christmas"

A New Comedy at Wyndham's



7. Mr. Ferguson: "I forbid you to go up. I'm not going to let you make a fool of my daughter"

Told by Milly that the soldier is in their daughter's room, Mrs. Ferguson, determined to save Phoebe's honour, is stopped by her husband (J. Leslie Frith)





4. Brenda: "I'll never find happiness searching for a new world" Brenda Nicholls (Joan Harben) is Mrs. Ferguson's niece. Deserted by her husband, an M.P., Brenda is determined neither to forget her husband nor forgive him

Reginald Beckwith's new play, *A Soldier for Christmas*, should prove a worthy successor to the record-breaking *Quiet Week-end* which it follows at Wyndham's. Directed by Normal Marshall, it runs efficiently and pleasantly, and should continue to do so for many months to come. The household where the play is set is ordinary enough until its mistress decides to invite an unknown soldier for Christmas. When that soldier proves to be a breezy Canadian private, and none other than Robert Beatty, fireworks are expected, and not without reason. The cast is admirable. Headed by Joyce Barbour and Robert Beatty, it includes Susan Richmond, Meriel Forbes, Trevor Howard and J. Leslie Frith



5. Lady Daubeny: "I love cigars, don't you?" Lady Daubeny calls on her old friend Mrs. Jones, the Fergusons' cook, and decides to spend Christmas Day with the family. Her advanced views are out of keeping with her prehistoric conception of country tweeds, but her outspoken frankness endears her to the Canadian, who is invited to spend a week-end in her home

Photographs by Alexander Bender



8. Mrs. Jarvis: "The day's coming. Rivers of blood. That's what it will be"

The daily help (Frances Waring) plans a new world in which the likes of her will show the likes of Mrs. Ferguson where they get off



9. Milly: "I don't think it's a very good idea my being billeted here" Milly, determined to take no more chances with her soldier, decides to spend her last day of leave alone with him



10. Phoebe: "He talked to me about Canada" Phoebe tells the lodger, a young man who has loved her for a long time, just what happened in her bedroom with the soldier



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT news-story which mysteriously came and went in the newspapers the other day about a lady Press-agent engaged to boost a certain amiable Cabinet Minister as Britain's Future Man of Destiny didn't excite us as it seemed to excite some of the malicious Fleet Street boys.

In America it's a recognised industry, and we've heard of private millionaires engaging a family Press-agent to keep their name sweet in the public nostrils with newspaper stories of their kindness to women, dumb animals, and so forth. Even over here, when we see a gossip-paragraph beginning: "It is not generally known outside the City that Lord Gowle has a passion for charitable work and old china," we smell Parma violets and draw certain deductions at a venture:

1. That somebody is threatening to blow the gaff about that Fenchurch Street business; or
2. That Mrs. A. is getting tiresome again; or
3. That The Buffalo has told Dusty to tell Stinker that Number One is sick of it and he'd better get something done.

These may not be all correct, and naturally in the case of a Minister it would be simply that the Press-agent thinks the public ought to share his knowledge of a noble, pure and altruistic life devoted to Service-not-Self. But it has often occurred to us that a good mystery thriller might be built from an innocent gossip-paragraph which began:

"It is not generally known that Lady Volumina Mandrill's favourite Sealyham, Woggins, is so clever that he calls daily for the morning paper..."

—and led to a frenzied concerted rush for the Continental boat-train next morning. Cannes is (or was) so healthy.

## Ray

THAT new secret Japanese device which, when perfected, will "sink the entire British Navy with a minimum expenditure of energy" (Tokyo Radio), reminds us of our one-time buddy the Death Ray, and may indeed be a Japanese version of it.

Such terrific powers of annihilation were attached to the Death Ray that even the Fleet Street boys, who believe in nothing on principle, were temporarily impressed. However, during the final experiments, a chap told us, a too-eager scientist got out of line and they said "Hoy, look out!" and he said "Eh?" and they said "You're standing right in front of the Death Ray at full blast," and he said "Oh, am I? Sorry," and stepped back into line. After that everybody seemed to lose interest, but Science may of course have taken another stab at it since. We can, in fact, see a



"I'm looking for a flat, suitable for twenty yards of black-out material"

Japanese scientist smiling inscrutably in a Tokyo tea-house at this moment and a geisha kneeling by him, thumbing the *samisen* and singing one of those charming little native poems on rice-paper they wrap toothpicks in:

When a samurai  
Finds a Ray of Annihilation fit to sink the  
entire British Navy whistling round his  
Sunday pants,  
He knows  
It is not a spray of cherryblossom  
From Hon. Miss Moonlit Stewed Prune.  
(Plink, plink.)

## Footnote

THIS undoubtedly stimulates scientific research, and a chap we know once tried to get a lot of actresses dressed as geishas imported into the Cambridge laboratories to help the biologists in their experiments on rats. One little actress did try a half-hearted song or two, but said the biologist boys smelt of acid. Moreover, she said, they were absurdly jealous of the rats.

## Star

YVETTE GUILBERT's death the other day coincided, aptly enough, with a drama-critic's cry "Where are our great variety artists?" The answer is presumably "With Yvette Guilbert."

Old boulevardiers who saw her in the 1880's will tell you how this tall, thin, almost immobile woman with the long black gloves could freeze even a London audience's marrow—even after a Victorian ten-course dinner—with a song like *La Soularde*, which was about a poor old drunken hag stumbling along a Paris gutter, mocked by children and pursued by the Furies. Guilbert was not blatant or Rabelaisian in such a song, as Marie Lloyd would have been, but subtle, quiet, restrained, full of pity and terror. Barring, perhaps, Charlie Chaplin, who can do that sort of thing nowadays? Who? Where? Why do we ask you resounding questions like this? It's a trick we've caught from the big boys, except that James ("Boss") Agate, for example, doesn't really give a hoot what you think, whereas we're crazy to know, you big exquisite things.

Well, our theory is that since the stage boys and girls went into Society and started making faces at smart people all day long they've lost the art of making faces behind the

(Concluded on page 238)



"Their bomb-sights must be inaccurate, Gentlemen, because Doktor Goebbels himself assures us they always aim at cultural monuments and we know they always hit our factories"



## Stage and Screen



### A Rest by the Way in Florida

Noel Coward, on an M.O.I. tour of Army camps, after some 80,000 miles of globe-trotting, spent a short time at Miami Beach, where the photographer caught him taking a stroll. He has since arrived in South Africa, where he went to entertain Service men in hospital



### Sid Field Submits to His Portrait

Sid Field, star comedian of "Strike a New Note," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, sat sadly for his portrait by Cathleen Mann. She is in private life the Marchioness of Queensberry, and is holding an exhibition of her paintings in Glasgow on February 19th



Right: Lt.-Col. R. Strickland and the Hon. Mabel Strickland, O.B.E., were photographed with Mr. Joseph Callej, the Maltese film actor, who visited the island with a U.S. concert party, and Capt. Stokes Roberts, in charge of the National Services Entertainment department

### Theatrical Occasion in Malta



### James Cagney Comes to London

The famous American film actor had to produce his credentials for a member of the guard at the U.S. headquarters in London. James Cagney is to entertain U.S. forces in the various commands in this country



### The Sergeant Entertains Tommy Trinder

Tommy Trinder, visiting Italy to entertain the Eighth Army, tired out with an overdose of sightseeing, rested on his kitbag. Sgt. G. K. Shelletto, of Melrose Avenue, Whitton, Middlesex, did his best to amuse the famous comedian



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

footlights. On the night the first little actress hung by her toes from a Grosvenor Square chandelier to amuse the rich at home, the old magic gift departed. It almost breaks one's heart.

## Caste

IF the Government permits "commercial" radio after the war, American products will be put over the air not with American ballyhoo but with true British refinement, by native voices. So American radio advertisers have eagerly promised.

It's easy enough to imagine a frigid Oxford or near-Oxford voice saying "This—ah—Brahms programme cahms to you by—ah—cahtsy of Peekaboo Perfection Panties, Inc.," but not so easy to imagine how these *déclassés* would fit into the rigid caste-system at Broadcasting House. Everyone would be very kind and terribly tolerant, but where would the newcomers find their social level? Hardly with the Samurai, the announcers and the discussers and the thinkers. Possibly with the radio-play authors, the unclean lowest caste, the Untouchables, the sweeps who live on miscellaneous offal and have to run in single file through the corridors at a brisk trot, shouting "Hai! Yai!" to warn people of their coming, since their least touch defiles? Or somewhere in between? Wherever it is, one can hear everybody being frightfully kind.

"Eric washing his hands again?"

"He met one of those advertising types and gave him a cigarette."

"Decent."

"Wasn't it? Of course they're awfully grateful. This one cried."

"What I say is, Rollo, one just has to be *broadminded*. After all they eat our sort of food and they're practically white. Not like authors, I mean."

"Tony was thinking of getting up a little studio-treat for them but Freddie says their smell..."

"Of course. Well, we must do something."

Maybe every Friday one of the squires' ladies from the Announcers' Dept. will go round and chuck them some chewing-gum. Their teeth are awfully white, it seems.

## Birdie

SINCE young Mr. Barrie landed at King's Cross from Kirriemuir some sixty years ago and found a whimsy prose-piece of his about rooks featured everywhere on *St. James's Gazette* placards, the Nature boys have wisely not attempted any roguey-pogey of their own on this subject. Hence when Auntie *Times's* boy remarked recently that the rooks round Horsham (Sussex) way have been tinkering at their nests lately as if Spring were here, he merely rebuked them for their folly and passed on.

They were probably fooling the boys. Rooks take a dim view of the Race—as their satiric parody of democracy in

general and Law Courts and House of Commons procedure in particular shows—and moreover these particular rooks live on the border of the Belloc country, where irony is in the very air. As long as 330 years ago the Nature boys were led up the garden nicely on a famous occasion by three local hayseeds, Mr. Steele, Mr. Holder, and "a Widow-Woman dwelling nere Faygate," who swore there was a dragon in St. Leonard's Forest, on the outskirts of Horsham; a terrific great redbellied serpent nine feet long throwing a jet of venom "about four rodde from him" and killing men and cattle. A printed pamphlet of 1614 signed by these eye-witnesses exists. Our theory is that like the Horsham rooks, they were having a game with "Lunnon" (whom they despise).

Another kind of sardonic Sussex joke of the period, practised on the seaboard, as in Cornwall, was wrecking ships on dark nights by showing lanterns along the shore. Few mariners appreciated the humour of this, but the Sussex hayseed thought it good enough for P——h. Leading eminent Nature boys astray is slightly more cruel, perhaps, but the Sussex rook should worry.

## Query

ONCE again a provincial J.P. has scoured a citizen as "un-English" for taking a knife to hurt another citizen. An

inquiry into this ruling obsession of J.P.s was made a little time ago by a witty French professor we know. It is worth repeating.

Puzzled at the monotonous recurrence of this knife-cliché, he said one day to an English friend, who happened to be a K.C.B.: "I know 'un-English' means 'immoral' or 'repugnant.' I gather also from the papers that there are two sorts of crime, English and un-English. Would you mind mentioning any specifically English crime you happen to know of?" Quick as a flash the K.C.B. replied: "Kicking your wife to death." He spoke truly, in our unfortunate view.

It's a breezy, downright procedure, eminently suitable to the bluff heirs of Drake, Raleigh, Cecil Rhodes and Barney Barnato. Even the most venomous enemies of the Borgias—and you probably know that the horrific Borgia Legend has been proved by scientific modern historians to be 95 per cent. pure yellow or *Daily Snoop* journalism—never thought up this one to add to their crime-list. And why not Uncle? (we hear you cry). Because, chicks, it obviously derives from the Race's love of the manly sport of football, or at least from the Race's love of watching (and betting on) the manly, etc., etc. Cricket possibly helps as well, who knows? There's a solemn hush in the Close to-night, a thousand infants hold their breath, ten runs to make and the game to win, and the Head is kicking his wife to death (Newbolt).



"General 'Monty,' I bet, Mr. Chatterton, wanting more bowler 'ats sent along to Whitehall, tout-de-suite, eh?"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



## Music Hath Charms

### Lady Margaret Egerton Plays the Guitar

Lady Margaret Egerton is the fifth of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere's six daughters. She is twenty-six, and is now serving in the A.T.S., with the rank of Junior Commander. These two recent photographs show her in an off-duty moment. Lady Margaret has one brother, Viscount Brackley, who was taken prisoner in 1940 while serving in the Royal Armoured Corps. He married Lady Diana Percy, the Duke of Northumberland's younger sister, in 1939



*Photographs by  
Yevonde*







"Fighter Pilot": by P/O. J. G. Stannus



"Outward Bound": by F/Lt. G. E. Woodbine

## Art Inspires the Daily Round

More Pictures by R.A.F. Photographers  
on View at the Camera Club

In the course of their regular duties, R.A.F. cameramen, many of whom are experienced professional and amateur photographers, have unique opportunities to record scenes of varied topical interest in the different parts of the world where their job takes them. Their pictures now exhibited at the Camera Club, 11, Grosvenor Street, New Bond Street, W.1, are of high artistic merit and technical quality, covering a wide range of subjects, and demonstrate that the R.A.F. photographer, in pursuit of his wartime duties, can still find time for the artistic use of his camera. Here, mixed together, are portraits of the men who fly; impressionist patterns of desert light and shade; bold compositions of wings and turrets, sea and cloud; nocturnes of heavy bombers; intimate flashes in the Candida Camera tradition—the King with W/Cdr. (Dam-buster) Gibson, V.C.; Winston with ground crews in the desert; Tedder at a Christmas dinner in the Middle East. The exhibition, which is free, is remaining open throughout February



"Gold Coast": by F/O. D. W. Miller



"Royal Pleasure": by F/Lt. H. Hensser



*"Night Hawks": by F/O. N. S. Clark*



*"The Man Among Men": by F/O. W. Bellamy*



*"And the Same to You, Sir": by F/O. W. Bellamy*



*"Squadron Commander": by F/Lt. H. Hensser*



*"Spirit of Malta": by F/O. L. W. Gale*





*Oxburgh Hall, King's Lynn, Norfolk*

## A Castle in Norfolk

Sir Edmund and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld at Home



*Henry Bedingfeld with His Mother*

The Paston-Bedingfelds were married in 1942, and they now have a small son and heir, Henry, who was christened not long ago in the private chapel at Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk home of his parents. Sir Henry Bedingfeld, who is in the Welsh Guards, succeeded his father as ninth Baronet in 1941. His family is of Norman origin; an ancestor, Ogerus de Pugets, came to England with the Conqueror and was awarded the manor of Bedingfeld. Lady Bedingfeld, formerly Miss Joan Lynette Rees, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar G. Rees, of Llanelly, and before her marriage was a driver for the A.T.A.

*Photographs by Swaebe*



*A Bridge Now Replaces the Drawbridge*



*Driving Through the Norman Arch*



*Sir Henry and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld*



"Scran Bag," a R.N. Depot Revue, Raises 300 Guineas for the Red Cross

Tubby Farrell, as a surrealist King Neptune, was one of the cast composed entirely of men and women serving in the Navy

June Flavell, Ronnie Hill and Meg Merrifield revive a famous Cole Porter song. The title of the revue, "Scran Bag," means the lost-property office of the messdeck

"There's a Label on My Bag": June Flavell sings a nostalgic number by a pre-war team of song-writers, Ronnie Hill and Peter Dion Titheradge

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Pace

ALTHOUGH it is quite true that furlong for furlong the Grand National, in which horses carry anything from 3 st. downwards heavier weights than those in the Derby, is run at only a slightly slower pace, the fact still remains that the intervention of the obstacles makes any jump race slower than any flat race. The National is a rather exceptional case to cite, because of the class of animal competing; but the moral of it all is that, if you want to get there quickly, pick a place where there is nothing to jump. There used to be an old maxim on the North-West Frontier of India—a nasty, hilly, unfriendly region—that it is useless trying to go forward one pace on the flat until you have gone two on the hills. Translate this into terms of air cover. People who have never seen hill fighting naturally cannot comprehend. Even a contour map will not tell them what it really means, and so, quite unfairly, they blame the Generals for not getting a quicker gait on. It is a good working rule never to try to gallop uphill in any case. The flat is far less fatiguing and much to be preferred.

"General" Tom and "General" Frank

BOTH of them commanded "armies" in the field, and both of them were pitted against a very crafty foe. Their "troops" had four legs and were highly mobile, but the core of both the strategic and tactical plan was identical with that of that other form of venery—war. "Tom's" other name was Firr: "Frank's" other name is Freeman. Both were—and one is—first-class masters of their craft. Now, supposing Tom had brought his fox away from, say, Gartree Hill, or Frank his from Blue Covert, and hounds were absolutely tied to his brush, when, suddenly, someone on Burrough Hill (in Tom's case), from anywhere miles ahead in Frank's, stuck his hat up in the air and started holl'ing his lungs out on some other fox that had jumped up, and hounds promptly divided, as they might and they often do, what would Tom or Frank have done? Why, this: followed the golden rule and stopped them on the fresh fox and held them to the hunted one, and they would have done this because they knew that, if they let them divide, they might lose the

hunted fox and the fresh-found one also. Or, again, would either of these fine "generals" have let half the pack go on with the hunted fox and lifted the other to the holl'a? Or, again, supposing they had run into the hunted fox, but not stopped to break him up, would Tom or Frank have made a forward cast with half the pack only, in the hope of picking up the fresh fox and that the man with the hat was right and that it was really a fox and not a hare? One pack one fox is the best way, for you are more likely to catch him that way than you are if you let them divide. If you have two separate self-contained packs out, that is different. Tom Firr, who never really recovered from a very bad fall, was Lord Lonsdale's huntsman throughout his Quorn mastership.

Another Desert Race-Meeting

THE other day someone kindly sent me an account of a race-meeting at Homs, run by a famous cavalry (modern-type) Brigade, and now another kind person has sent me the details of a meeting run by the Infantry on Boxing Day in aid of the Red Cross at a place called Sidi-Mabrouk, "along some strip of herbage between the desert and the sown," which also seems to have been a screaming success and got a gate of 8000—a real bumper attendance. This Infantry Battalion was told that to attempt anything of the sort between November and March was asking for trouble, because the weather would not let them; but they brought it off all right and were rewarded by a fine day. The big noise, I gather, was the

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The R.A.F. Hockey XI. had previously defeated the Army and lost to the Hockey Association. Sitting: J. R. M. Barry, S. B. Reeve, F. J. Wilson (captain), C. K. Herbert, R. E. Pearmund. Standing: A. C. Bennett, W. P. Townsend, G. Pilch, J. D. Harris, G. Peck, E. Agate



The Oxford team, who lost to the R.A.F., have beaten London University and drawn with Sandhurst. Sitting: C. D. Drysdale, J. B. Dossetor, R. E. W. Bowdler (captain), P. S. Moore, I. Kelsey-Fry. Standing: W. H. Milligan, S. D. Erulkar, R. G. Fox, P. L. W. Pickering, T. P. Houghton, A. J. Pickett

The R.A.F. Hockey Team Beat Oxford by 2—0 at Oxford

D. R. Stuart



# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

inter-battalion steeplechase for mules! The obstacles were only 2 ft. high, which, I think, was an aspersion on our gallant friend *Kutchu*, who can jump quite well if he likes. However, it was the cause of much innocent merriment, and no one was brought home in the cold-meat van, always a comforting circumstance to record, from the jockey's point of view. The Grand Military had to be a flat race, and hosts of people are certain to know the jockeys. The list of names, however, is verboten!

The Tote prices may be of interest, to show what a lusty show it was: (1) 13.30 winner, 305 francs to 50; (2) 14.00 winner, 530 francs to 50; (3) 14.30 no betting; (4) 15.00 winner, 75 francs to 50; (5) 15.30—; (6) 16.00, 1795 francs to 50. Tote Double, 7560 francs to 50, second and fourth races (one winning ticket).

## The Detail

HERE is my correspondent's excellent account of what actually happened, and I expect it will be of much interest to heaps of people, even though all names have had to be omitted:

"In a recent issue of *The Tatler* I saw you gave an account of the Homs race-meeting, so I thought you might like to hear of the one we held last Sunday, December 26. As yet I'm afraid I've no photographs of it, for though plenty were taken, it's extremely difficult to get any developed. They don't, as a rule, race out here between November and March, as the weather's so bad and the going usually impossible, and all the 'locals' thought we were courting disaster in putting on this meeting. However, we got a perfect day, and although a bit sticky, the going wasn't at all bad.

"A huge crowd of over 8000 turned up, a great proportion being Services. I haven't seen such a gathering of racegoers, particularly jumping enthusiasts, since the last N.H. meeting. One saw old faces at every turn. Everyone enjoyed themselves immensely, with the possible exception of the organisers, who had a very hectic time trying to keep things going according to plan. The chief difficulty is that one cannot persuade the Arab owners to declare their horses, and, as a result, quite often one doesn't know the exact composition of a field until about five minutes before the horses leave the paddock. This means that the Tote's job becomes almost superhuman. Incidentally, we ran the Tote ourselves, and did pretty well, considering all things.



## Scottish Rugby Players

Capt. G. D. Shaw, pre-war Scottish International, and Major C. R. Bruce, who has played for the Army in recent Service matches, are two members of the Scottish XV, to meet England at Murrayfield, Edinburgh.



## Champions in Uniform

Lt. Helen Jacobs, U.S. tennis champion now in the W.A.V.E.S., and Lt. Patty Berg, famous woman golfer, in the Marine Corps Women's Reserve, take a stroll aboard the Bronx, N.Y., Naval Training School.



## Early Notes on the Classics: by "The Tout"

There are record wartime entries (447) for this season's classic races, but so far no official announcement has been made as to where or when they will take place. Miss Dorothy Paget alone has made forty nominations for the five events. Conspicuous among these, of course, is her unbeaten Epsom-trained colt, *Orestes*. Miss Paget has entered the dark Blue Moon (Blue Peter—Centeno), trained by Fred Darling at Beckhampton, and about whom tall stories have been in circulation this winter. His price in some of the early lists on the Derby is only 20 to 1. Happy Landing has, I am glad to hear, got over his slight training mishap, when he bruised a foot at exercise last month, and Mr. Walter Hutchinson's handsome Derby colt continues to make good progress in his work.

"We framed the Grand Military Cup in the hope that it might be a sort of substitute for the Sandown race. It had, of necessity, to be a flat race, but brought out the best field of the day, and also showed us the best riding. One officer had a very comfortable ride on *Meskiana*, and was never in danger from the final bend, though another officer, on *Nerid*, put in a determined challenge close home: he was, incidentally, giving the winner the best part of 3 st. in weight. A subaltern's mount ran on to secure third place, and it was grand to see this very accomplished rider (very well known) in the saddle again. For the fifth race we had an inter-battalion team steeplechase for mules. The fences were admittedly only single bars some 2-ft. high, but, even so, were the cause of much amusement for the spectators. The Brigade Major was the eventual and popular winner after riding a very dashing race. The horses running at the meeting were not of much class, *Meskiana* and *Sebika* standing out from the rest. In the third race, we had to disqualify all the runners save one for going the wrong course, and *Grey Lady*, the survivor, was thus a lucky winner for Lt.-Col. 'Blank'. It was a grand afternoon's sport, and the greatest gathering of the racing and hunting fraternity that there's been out here. At the moment the weather makes a repeat too much of a gamble, but we have hopes of an Easter meeting—somewhere!"

# Aid to Russia

## A Ball and Cabaret Held at Grosvenor House



Mrs. Frank Moxon, who organised the affair, is seen with Sub. Mary Churchill, who made a speech during the evening

A very successful ball in support of Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross Aid to Russia Fund was organised by Mrs. Frank Moxon, who is herself Russian-born, and holds a commission in the A.T.S. She was helped by Sub. Mary Churchill, who represented her mother at the ball. An auction was held, and a cabaret, in which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne were amongst well-known artists taking part

Photographs by  
Swaebe



Above are Mr. A. Franklin, Miss Elizabeth Brooke-Edwards, Capt. Hamilton, Miss J. Moore and Lt. J. Vineyard



At another table were Miss H. Bonsor, Capt. Blackburn, Miss Ursula Byron, Capt. C. Rae and Miss Irene Seymour



Jun./Cdr. Joyce Montague was sitting with S/O. Sarah Oliver, Mr. Churchill's second daughter, who wore W.A.A.F. uniform at the ball



Miss Nadja Moxon, daughter of the organiser, sat next to Lt. George Ingr, son of General Ingr, the Czechoslovak C.-in-C.



Miss Antoinette Therese Hoare, Capt. Stephen Maresfield and Miss Mary Brooke-Edwards were three more young people enjoying the proceedings



General Montgomery's car pennant and a letter accompanying it, held here by Mrs. George Thornton, was auctioned for 275 guineas



Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower was in uniform at the ball, and was photographed dancing with Prince Beauvau



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## "She Looks at Life"

LIFE'S what you see in people's eyes; life's what they learn, and, having learnt it, never, though they seek to hide it, cease to be aware of—what? That life's like that, it seems. Five faces opposite—five mature faces—and the knowledge in each face. Strange, though, how people want to conceal it! Marks of reticence are on all those faces: lips shut, eyes shaded, each one of the five doing something to hide or stultify his knowledge. One smokes; another reads; a third checks entries in a pocket-book; a fourth stares at the map of the line framed opposite; and the fifth—the terrible thing about the fifth is that she does nothing at all. She looks at life.

So opens one of the finest stories, called "An Unwritten Novel," in the Virginia Woolf collection, *A Haunted House* (Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.). The "I" sits facing five fellow-passengers in a train. And, in a sense, Virginia Woolf's attitude to the people in all her short stories is just this. Coming from who knows where, bound for unknown destinations, each presents himself, or herself, to her visionary's eye, for a moment that constitutes an eternity. Each of these stories expresses just such a moment.

To the many readers who thought of Virginia Woolf as novelist and as critic only, the appearance of *A Haunted House*, and *Other Stories*, will come as a surprise. *Monday or Tuesday*, the only book of her short stories which appeared during her lifetime, was published twenty-two years ago and has long been out of print. (Its contents, except for two pieces that did not please her, form part of this present volume.) To the intense pleasure of being given something more from her pen will be added something like curiosity. For how, to put it simply, did the short story—with its restricted space, need for clear-cut scenes and for action, and still rather rigid (if unavowed) conventions—suit the vision and style of Virginia Woolf?

The answer is that it suited—better still, in some cases, than did the novel—her acute sense of the moment. Her later novels are constellations of moments, with the plot of each, in so far as there is a plot, only there to serve as a sort of setting. In each of the short stories, the moment burns quite alone—sometimes very brightly, sometimes still through a mist that she had hoped, by rewriting, to disperse. For these stories, here in *A Haunted House*, are, as Leonard Woolf explains in his Foreword, many of them at all stages of incompleteness. (That is to say, they are all written through to the end, but the end, for an artist of her kind, only meant another kind of beginning.) Some are first drafts; others had been worked on, then put back in the drawer—but had been meant to come out to be written over again.

## Mysteries

PEOPLE who do not write speak, vaguely and blithely, of authors "polishing-up" their work. What Virginia Woolf was aiming at was not polish, but the final degree of transparency. She was not satisfied, and would not have wished her readers to be satisfied, with anything less. At the same time, there were mysteries that she did not either expect or wish to dissolve—and the greatest of these was human behaviour. So, in the short stories as in the novels, her characters are like shadowy fish in a crystal pool. They perplex themselves and each other; and those perplexities—so innocent, so naïve and, according to how you look at them, either absurd or tragic—are her subject, that she does not try to explain.

*A Haunted House* seems a fitting title for this book, for every house, room and scene in it is, in one way, haunted. Incidentally, the story that gives the title is among the loveliest to be found. "The Lady in the Looking Glass" and "Moments of Being" show, again, the essential quality of her imagination. In "The Shooting Party," there is something just as disturbing as those draughts that, in the story, keep running under the carpet. "Kew Gardens" will be welcomed back, as a joy, by those who do not possess it in its separate edition. "The New Dress" and "The Man Who Loved his Kind" are gently terrible studies of suffering at a party. "The Searchlight" might, I imagine, claim the distinction of being the most unexpected love-story in the world. My own favourite is "Lappin and Lapinova," whose plot, so delicate, so absurd, so true, so tender, I will not, as they say, now "reveal."

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

NOBODY loves a careerist, but oh, how a careerist can

love—himself! Or herself, as the case may be. I have just been reading the life-story of the notorious old Imperial Dowager Empress of China, Tza Hsi, and she was undoubtedly a careerist *par excellence*. She carried her own executioner with her, and thus was able to get rid of anybody who threatened her supremacy. They just disappeared in the midst of a tall story which everybody was too terrified of her to dispute. This, when you come to remember that she started her career as a poor girl, with no claims to royalty, makes her an impressive figure, though a detestable one.

I suppose every careerist has to start young. It's in their blood, as it were, from the bottle. You can't possibly make yourself a careerist if the urge to do so is not part of nature herself. Most young people flounder about so long that when the main chance reveals itself it is usually too late to do anything more than nibble at it. These never get very far. They have, as a rule, to comfort themselves by the thought of rewards in heaven since life has otherwise repaid them meagrely. Maybe they have been among those who need love and are never so happy as when being unselfish. And there are no two spiritual virtues which are less likely to bring in a worldly harvest. It seems impossible to mount upwards, in a worldly sense, without mounting on the prostrate bodies of other people—and mounting thus to enjoy the exaltation. Once close your eye on the

main chance and you might as well join the more lovable band of those

whose virtue is their own and only reward. These may be cleverer, more saintlike, more profoundly wise, but they lack the trombone of self-assertion which wavers never and triumphs over opposition by the sheer reiteration of its own booming.

A careerist, I take it, is a man or woman who loves the glory without bothering about the honour. Only one thing I have discovered inwardly shakes them, and that is the revelation that among the lowly there are some infinitely more beloved. They will, of course, play down to this ideal by an eloquence of sentiments which can lull the trusting like romantic music. They even like to believe in their own moral sincerity. Thus the Dowager Empress Tza Hsi of China died triumphantly in her bed declaring that her conscience was clear. Thus, too, will the family bully believe that he, or she, has never wavered in moral duty. Thus, too, will everyone who has lived entirely for himself often imagine that he has reached fame and fortune by dedicating himself to others.

The self-centred and selfish can rarely be undecieved. If they could be, they would never get there. And that, to them, would be unthinkable. Jealousy can spur them, but love—never. Of course, they miss a lot, but they never know it. It should comfort the more obscure, therefore, to realise they have found an even more enduring happiness in just those things which the careerists have always missed.



Miss Janet Howe made her debut in this country in the spring of 1942. Sir Henry Wood heard her sing and since then has sponsored her appearance in many parts of the country. She took part in three promenade concerts in 1942, and in 1943 had the distinction of being the only singer to be engaged four times in the season. Miss Howe's present activities include many concerts for troops organised by E.N.S.A. and for factory workers under the auspices of C.F.M.A.

## "Plumbing and Gracious Living"

"LET'S face it," says [I see] *The Chicago Sun*, "John P. Marquand is the major American novelist writing to-day." While I might have hesitated to make, on my own

account, any such uncompromising assertion, I am not loth to subscribe to it now it has been made. Certainly, as far as enjoyment goes, there are few present-day American novelists whose work I read with more pleasure than I read Mr. Marquand's; and by every showing I am not alone in this.

He is a refreshing change from the tough-guy school, who seem to be less in the foreground as life itself grows tougher. But I know of more primary reasons for liking him. For one thing, he is that very rare creature, the masculine domestic novelist. Squadrons of women writers, on both sides of the Atlantic, have left remarkably little unrecorded on the subject of marriage, home life and social relationships—such as dinner- and cocktail-parties, relatives dropping in and weekends away. But all this has always been from the feminine point of view. And men, sons and husbands, have therefore been often rendered as either monsters, problems, dear nineties or out-and-out comic figures. The domesticated male, ruled out where romance is concerned, seems seldom to care or dare to speak for himself. He is no more articulate than the domestic cat.

The hero of *So Little* (Concluded on page 248)



Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were guests at the wedding of Lt. Christopher B. H. Wake-Walker, R.N., and Lady Anne Spencer, and were photographed with the bride and groom after the ceremony at Westminster Abbey. Lt. Wake-Walker is the son of Vice-Admiral Sir Frederic and Lady Wake-Walker, and his bride is Earl and Countess Spencer's only daughter



The Princesses left Westminster Abbey under a guard of honour formed by brother-officers of Lt. Wake-Walker. Amongst the guests was Mrs. Laughton Mathews, Director of the W.R.N.S., in which service Lady Anne is Third Officer

## The Princesses Attend Two Weddings



Capt. Brian Gordon Rootes, 12th Royal Lancers, younger son of Sir William and Lady Rootes, of Stype Grange, Hungerford, and Mrs. Elizabeth Philips were married in the Royal Chapel, Windsor Great Park. The bride's father, the Rev. H. G. Barclay, is Domestic Chaplain to the King



Amongst the guests at the Rootes-Philips wedding were Viscountess Moore, Mr. J. J. Llewellyn, Minister of Food, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon and Lady Weeks. They are seen about to enter the Royal Chapel



On leaving the chapel Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were accompanied by Sir William Rootes, father of the bridegroom, Mrs. Barclay, the bride's mother, and Col. Cavanagh, followed by Lady Rootes, Mr. Peter Heywood and Col. J. F. Barclay



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 233)

thousands of miles behind that little flag, and he knew how delighted General Montgomery would be to know it had helped to swell the funds so magnificently.

## Newsreel

I MET the Hon. Mrs. Cary the other day, who told me her husband, Mr. Robert Cary, M.P., always an active Member, was up in his constituency in Lancashire, seeing that all the young men who had been directed into the mines in his district under the Bevin Scheme were being properly looked after. Happily, arrangements have been made satisfactorily to billet all the new "trainees" in this district, a very serious problem in some parts of the country. Mr. Cary has been the Member for Eccles since 1935, and won the seat the first time he stood for Parliament. Mrs. Cary speaks very well herself; she is in great demand in election campaigns, and is, of course, a great help to her husband in his political career. She is a niece of the late Marquis Curzon of Kedleston, a very fine statesman, and a sister of Lord Scarsdale. The Carys have one son, Roger, who is in his last half at Eton. He hopes to go in for politics eventually, but is entering the Grenadier Guards to do his bit in the battlefield as soon as he has finished school.

The name "Cary" recalls the Falkland family and, unfortunately, a mistake made in one of our earlier issues owing to a photographer's incorrect information. The occasion was the wedding reception of Capt. Macgregor and Miss Nighean Fraser, when we referred to Lord Falkland's niece, Miss Philippa Cary, the Hon. Mrs. Philip Cary's daughter, as Miss Carey-Corbett. We apologise for any confusion and misunderstanding which may have arisen as a result.

## Hamlet at the New Theatre

THE foyer of the New Theatre was a firmament of stars on the first night of Robert Helpmann's appearance as Hamlet. Françoise Rosay wore a rose-coloured hat aloft on snowy hair; Deborah Kerr was with Robert Donat; Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier were as glamorous a couple as ever; Lady Clark was escorted by Anton Walbrook; Hermione Gingold's hat was made of the same glistening mink as her coat; Fay Compton's hair was in becoming curls. Sir Alexander Korda was another distinguished person; Margot Fonteyn, wearing long, dangling ear-rings and accompanied by her good-looking mother, got a burst of applause as she came in to take her place in the stalls; Ninette de Valois, whose memorable work at this theatre has given such pleasure to so many, was also there; Gordon Anthony, in the R.A.F. and at work on a book of photographs of air aces, talked to Oliver Messel, who is away from the Army for the moment while busy with decor and dresses for Vivien Leigh's film appearance as Cleopatra; and Shelagh Fraser announced happily that *The Dark Potential*, the play for which she is rehearsing with Sonia Dresdel and Nova Pilbeam, is due to open at the Comedy on March 22nd.

The decor outdoes the Dane in weight and gloom, but Mr. Helpmann's subtle and intelligent performance is sharply etched, vivid and original. The long scene between Hamlet and his mother (played by Margot Grahame, who looks very beautiful and voluptuous) is specially memorable. Their shadows tower, blackly, behind them, like the clouds of their subconscious. Pamela Brown is refreshingly far from the sickly-sweet Ophelia, drowned in oil-paint by Millais in the last century. When mad, she is hag-ridden, queer and exciting. So is the cavernous distance of Leslie Hurry's decor.



Swabe

## Lord and Lady Keynes at a Priestley First Night

Lord Keynes, still perhaps better known as Mr. John Maynard Keynes, took his wife, the former Lydia Lopokoff, to the first civilian performance of Mr. J. B. Priestley's "Desert Highway," a play written for the Army and performed by members of the Army. Lord Keynes was created a baron in 1942. He is a Director of the Bank of England, a member of the Chancellor's Consultative Council and a Trustee of the National Gallery

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

*Time* (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), Mr. Marquand's latest novel, is, like his predecessor (*H. M. Pulham, Esq.*), a married man. He also is the father of growing-up children. It would not, I think, be cynical to say that Jeffrey Wilson's marriage to Madge (who had kept, along with a youthful figure, an over-romantic wish to be told all) was about average, neither good nor bad. Jeffrey is of the generation of last-war men: he had fought in the air over France, crashed on France in 1917. He has now (*So Little Time* opens in the October of 1940, when America was still, with mingled feelings, and different degrees of intensity, an onlooker at Britain's solitary struggle) a son of twenty, at Harvard. Between the ex-fighter and the peace-loving man, the lover of freedom and the father, there is perpetual conflict in Jeffrey's breast.

For domestic, and a number of other reasons, this conflict has to be kept banked down. Not only must Jeffrey continue to make money, but he and Madge must pursue their ordinary social course. This involves, quite early on in the novel, a particularly trying week-end in the country with Madge's great friends, Fred and Beckie. These two, apostles of "plumbing and gracious living," enjoy a *de luxe* Connecticut farmhouse, with a Rumpus Room (with bar) in the basement, a Joggle Board on the lawn, "Whoopie" on the cocktail glasses, glazed check chintz in the guest rooms and fire-proofed hay in the barn. The horrors of such a week-end, from the purely male point of view, have seldom been better drawn. Jeffrey has a nightmarish feeling of unreality. Among the Wilsons' fellow-guests ("Come and meet everybody," invites Beckie. "They're great people") are Marianna Miller, the actress, already Jeffrey's friend, and Walter Newcombe, Foreign Correspondent.

## A Brave Little Guy

ON the American social vogue (at least in that year) for Foreign Correspondents, Mr. Marquand could not be funnier, or more cutting. Walter Newcombe's book, *World Assignment*, is that autumn sweeping the States.

We discovered that the Foreign Correspondent was not a disreputable, disillusioned journalistic wastrel. . . . The Correspondent, we suddenly realised, was a man of the world, a streamlined troubadour who hobnobbed, as they said on Walter's jacket, with nearly everyone. The doors of the Chancelleries were open to him. Brüning, Hitler, Mussolini, Dollfuss, Simon, Churchill, King George and Léon Blum, Trotsky, Lenin, Stalin, the Shah of Persia, the Duke of Windsor, Gandhi, the Old Marshal, the Young Marshal, Sun Yat-sen, Kemal Atatürk, Konoye, Benes, Tojo and Prince Chichibu—all these gentlemen were familiar and rather uncomplex figures to Your Foreign Correspondent.

They were always in a disarming mood when they saw Your Correspondent, just a little tired, just a little wistful as they gazed back upon their achievements. . . . Taken off their guard that way—something in Your Correspondent's personality must have done it, although really he was an ordinary fellow, too, just like you and me—they were trapped into being amazingly revealing.

I doubt whether book-writing Correspondents, from now on, will love Mr. Marquand much. All the same, he makes his Walter at heart a nice little fellow, who faces his big boom, back home, as manfully as he faces his satirical wife, Mildred. And, "You know, he's a brave little guy," confesses the suddenly tearful Mildred, when Walter has taken "plane for his latest Far East assignment—bearing Nylon stockings for Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.

Mr. Marquand, like Mildred Newcombe, is devastatingly satirical, but also he has a deep and a kind heart. *So Little Time*, with its study of American war tension and of the queer trivialities that run through it, is really a major novel—crowded with characters that one cannot forget, shuttling to and fro in time, and presenting life in New York, the small town of Bragg, Hollywood, Washington and week-end up-country homes with good-natured ruthlessness. I could wish that we had a novelist of the Marquand kind at this side of the water—there is a vacancy for one. But could England take a novelist quite so frank?

## Woman Warden

"RAIDERS OVERHEAD: THE RECORD OF A LONDON WARDEN," by Barbara Nixon (Lindsay Drummond; 6s.), is a first-rate account of the London air raids from the A.R.P. point of view. This is the first book by a warden that I have come across, and I recommend it not only to Civil Defence people, but to the ordinary citizen who may care to have a warden's inside account. Mrs. Nixon, already the author of several books, commands a vivid, though utterly calm, style. "The borough of which the story is told was among the more heavily bombed areas of London, but the experiences recorded are not claimed as being anything exceptional." Sketches of fellow wardens (particularly the toughs of Post 13, who were anti-woman, and had ejected their last) and of shelter characters abound. And the author is likeably funny about herself. But *Raiders Overhead* is also a serious study of A.R.P. organisation, and of some of its weaknesses and defects.

Conditions differ, of course, from borough to borough. . . . There are poignant, though few horrific, passages: the wardens' funeral, and the chapter called "Aftermath," should take their place among literature of this war.

## Once upon a time...

... we used to go to winter sports. Pontresina or the Arlberg or Megève, the magic was the same. They left the sun on all day for us in a cobalt sky and the air was like very cold dry Bollinger. We climbed to picnic where the next peak was France or Austria or Italy; then a mad swoop down into the valleys, new snow hissing from ski-points, back by the wood-run with the larches flying past, christie after christie. Hot chocolate at Hanselmann's. Eights and edges on a rink of glass. Bands that played waltzes till we dropped. Bells on the sleighs. One day there'll be peace again and we shall drop in on the Alps in our helicopters. Then we shall all ski happily ever after, because we shall be dressed for it, and so well dressed, by



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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

BARGAIN-HUNTING for things to add to his collection of rare bric-à-brac, a man stopped one day at the little curio shop of Sam Cohen, where from time to time he had picked up valuable pieces. He browsed around, but saw nothing of interest and was just about to leave when, just inside the door, he noticed a cat lapping milk out of a saucer. One glance told the collector that the saucer was a priceless antique. With a wild hope that the curio dealer was unaware of its value the customer said: "That's a nice cat you have there, Sam. Would you sell him to me?"

"I'd sell him for five dollars," said Sam.

The collector paid the five dollars, put the cat under his arm and then added: "Well, probably the cat is used to eating from that saucer, so perhaps I'd better take it along as well."

"Oh, no," said Sam, "I couldn't give you the saucer."

"Well, then, I'll buy it from you."

"Oh, no," said Sam. "I couldn't sell it to you."

"Why, that's ridiculous, Sam. Why can't you sell me this old saucer?"

"Because," replied Sam, "from that old saucer, I have already sold over one hundred and fifty cats."



Jane Carr, well known on stage, screen and radio, who made her debut as coloratura soprano in the operetta "Waltz Without End," is to give a concert recital at the Wigmore Hall, on Thursday, March 2, in aid of Russian women and children. She will sing "Russian Nightingale" by Alabieff, "Minuet" by Boccherini, a cycle of Mozart and other pieces, accompanied by Gerald Moore. Joseph Weingarten, the pianist, has also promised to appear in the programme

OLD Bill had got a job at last. After years on the dole, he was engaged as an assistant to an antique dealer.

The very first morning the boss came in and saw Bill standing idle in the shop.

"Go up to the store-room," he ordered, "and get me a Greek urn for Mr. Blank. And be quick about it."

Bill rushed upstairs, and in the store-room encountered one of the packers.

"Here, quick," he called, "what's a Greek urn?"

"I dunno," came the packer's reply. "I guess it all depends on the job he's got."

A NAVAL wife whose husband hadn't written to her for months received a wire from him. The wire read: "Saved."

The wife then wrote her thankfulness as follows:—

"My dear man, I am glad to know you're saved. Was it a bomb or mine, or was it done by the Salvation Army? In any case expect you home soon. Your loving wife."

A MAN was unfortunate enough to be killed by a train near a little country

village. His body was removed to the local public house, where an inquest was held.

The jury consisted of villagers unused to such proceedings, and the coroner, wishing to be helpful, advised them to bring in a verdict of *felo de se*.

Having retired to consider their verdict, some argument arose among the jury as to what the coroner meant. The foreman soon settled the difficulty.

"This coroner chap," he explained, "knows what he's talking about. He's had these jobs before. If he says the dead man fell in the sea, he fell in the sea."

A few minutes later the jury filed back into court, and the foreman announced the verdict:—

"Found drowned."

"How do you mean you are worried, Mrs. Brown?" asked the doctor. "Did you give your husband the sleeping powder as I told you?"

"Indeed I did, doctor," replied Mrs. Brown. "You said give him as much as I could get on a sixpence. But I had no silver, so I used six pennies instead and he hasn't woke up for three days!"

A RACING trainer had caught one of his stable boys stealing oats, and was at first undecided as to what he ought to do about it.

While he deliberated, the stable boy asked the mistress of the house to intercede for him.

The trainer's wife accordingly pleaded with her husband to overlook the offence. "Remember, dear," she said, "we were taught when a man took out a boat to give him the cloak as well."

"That's all right," replied the trainer. "The lad's taken my oats, and I'm going to give him the sack."

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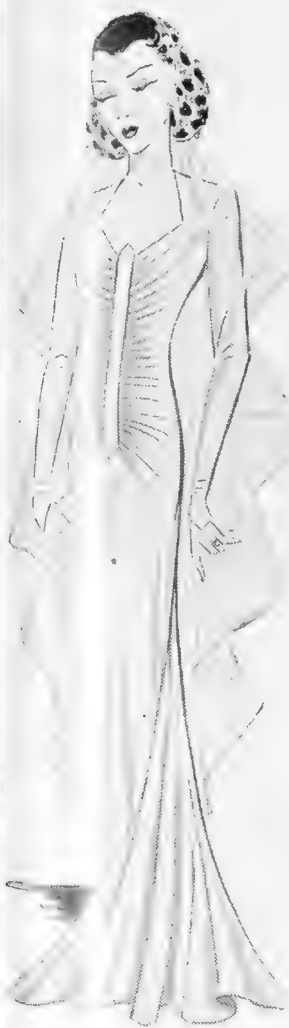
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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Public Relations

PUBLIC relations officers, like refrigerators, have come to stay. They are what the fuel chemists, I believe, call an "additive" which prevents knocking, over-heating and loss of power. They do not of themselves put up the heat value, but they so work as to permit it to be put up. So my only comment, when a friend who was foaming at the mouth came and told me that the Air Ministry had 371 people in its public relations, press and film departments, was: "It is too few." Some day we really must learn that publication is not boasting, but is an essential part of the structure of Service work.

I have always disapproved of anything that looks like boosting the Royal Air Force. But it is impossible to give out too much hard, factual information about its work. Such information has the effect of increasing the value of the work. In my opinion we could get good value out of a press and public relations staff of 600 or more at the Air Ministry. Their object should be not to boost or boast, but to hand out the facts, checked with scrupulous care, well marshalled, set out in a clear manner. With Mr. H. A. Jones as Director of Public Relations I feel sure that these points will be borne in mind. He takes over one of the most difficult and also one of the most important jobs at the Air Ministry—a job, moreover, which everybody in the world thinks they know how to do.

## Alternative

THERE is an alternative to the public relations and press branch and that is to use existing publication machinery; the staffs and works of the newspapers and magazines, and to have in the ministries merely a sort of master of the information ceremonies, one who will hold the balance between the claims of the various papers. So far as I can see, the Americans, who do their public relations and press work much more lavishly though not always better than we do, adopt the simple system of lifting out of the newspaper and periodical offices the men they want, putting them into uniform and then letting them get on with exactly the same job they were doing in time of peace.

It has taken a long time for the British people to begin to learn that publication is an essential part of progress in a technological world. It is still looked on by many as slightly indecent. Yet publication of the widest and wildest kind led to the Spitfire and to the Mosquito. For the Spitfire was as surely the end-result of the Schneider Trophy races as the Mosquito was of the England-Australia race. Out of publicity came forth good. No sporting events in the history of the world ever received more publicity than these two.

I always remember Emile Zola's description of a horse race in *Nana* as being one of the most breath-taking ever written. It is a pity that no one has ever achieved a like descriptive success about an air race. They certainly can hold the interest and they deserved to be recorded by a master hand.

## Turning Time

NEWS that a new version of the Lockheed Lightning has what are called "aileron boosters" is of interest because one of the lines of development which would repay a considerable amount of work is that which goes in the direction of improved powers of manoeuvre. Nowadays some aircraft go so fast that they take half England to turn in. Unless the pilot has a remarkable power of resisting the blackout (his, not ours) he must sweep round on an immense radius. Obviously the fighting powers of an aircraft would be improved if it were possible to keep these high-speed qualities, but also to introduce some means for improving the manoeuvring powers. Originally the Lightning quick-acting wing flap was the scheme and I believed it helped. But it was not sufficient. Aileron control is not so adversely affected by high speeds as other controls. The crucial thing there is wing span.



**Group Captain "Gerry" Edge, D.F.C., Dunkirk and Battle of Britain veteran, has recently returned to this country from the Mediterranean battle front and is now on staff duties at a R.A.F. airfield. Group Captain Edge has destroyed thirteen enemy aircraft—four were shot down in one patrol. He says he is dogged by the number thirteen for he baled out on the thirteenth hour of the twenty-sixth day of the thirteenth month of the war**

But if the speed of roll be put up the shape of turn is improved. What I mean is that instead of gradually winding itself into the turn, aircraft can jump into it. It is extremely interesting to exactly what are the Lightning aileron boosters and what advantage they confer in combat.

## Old and New

THE old-fashioned aeroplane were much superior to modern ones in nearly all forms of manoeuvre. They could turn on a tighter circle and they could roll or bank at a much higher rate. All this was due to the lower speed and lower wing loading. Almost the only kind of manoeuvring where the older machines beat them are those which power to weight ratio plays a big part.

It is one of the curiosities of air battle that although the power of manoeuvre is important, its value is outweighed by straight performance. In other words the fast, unmanoeuvring aeroplane will normally beat a slow manoeuvring one in a fight. I always like to put it in terms of speed and rate of climb and offensive characteristics and powers of manoeuvre. It is with quickness in manoeuvre that a single-seat fighter defends itself. But it attacks with superior speed and climb.

## Best Ever

I SUPPOSE that the best aircraft ever made for ground manoeuvring was the Sopwith Camel, though a few other machines like the Bat Bantam and the Blackburn Lincock ran it close. The Camel was a well balanced on the controls—but it was lightning quick. We cannot expect that kind of quickness in the ultra-high-speed machines that are the mainstay of the modern fighter units.



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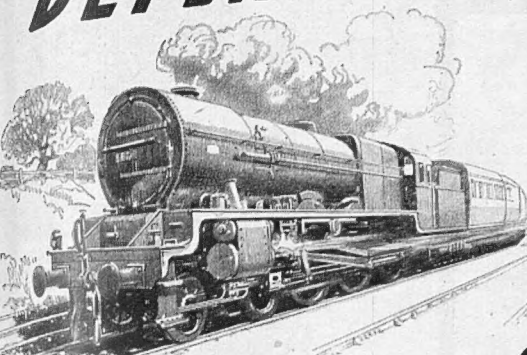
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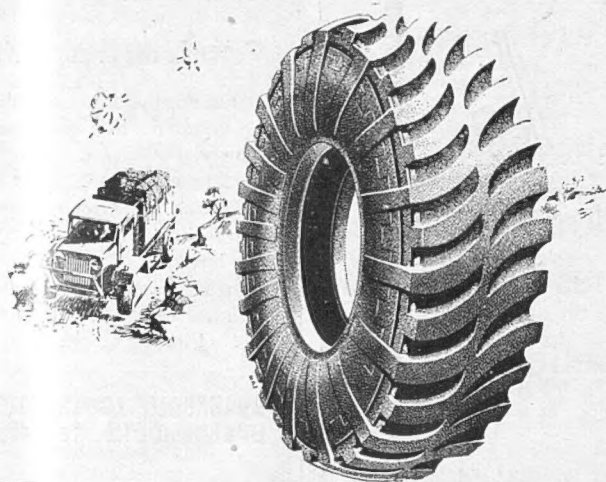


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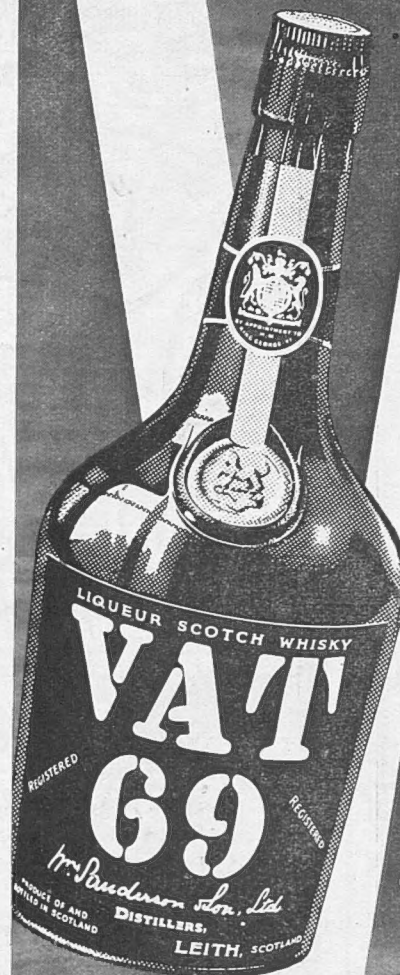
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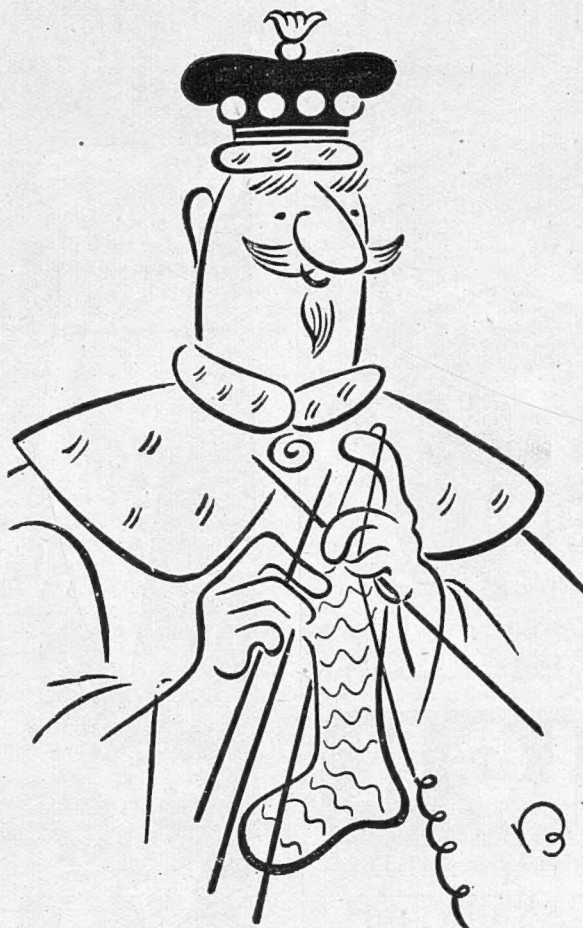


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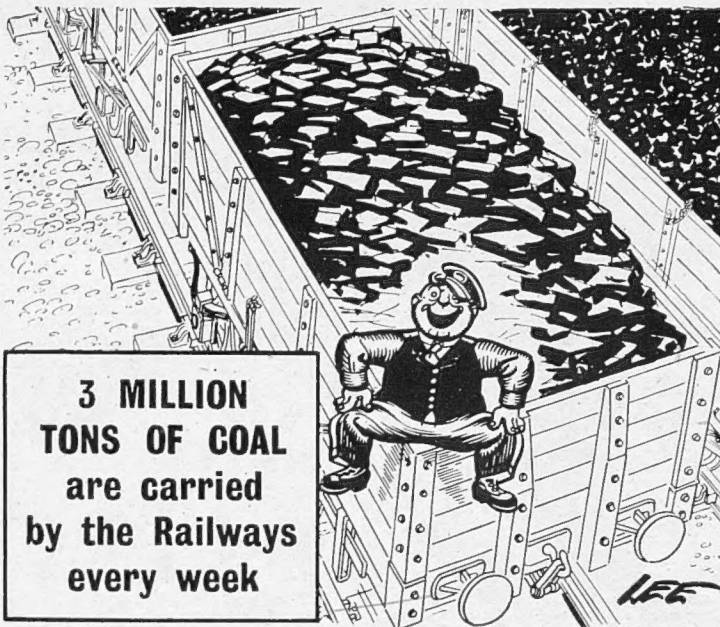
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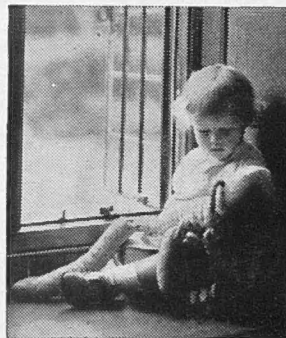
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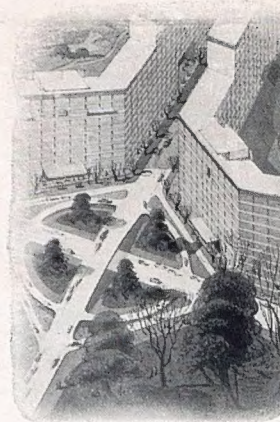
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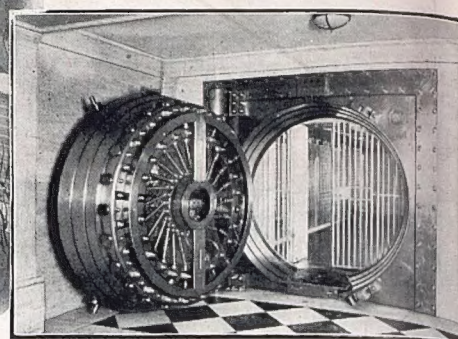
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